No. 13. CXXXIV.

The GUARDIAN.

Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere possis,
Cætera, ni Catia est, demissâ veste tegentis. Hor.

Friday, August 14, 1713.

MY Lion having given over roaring for some time, I find that several Stories have been spread abroad to the Country to his Disadvantage. One of my Correspondents tells me, it is confidently reported of him, in their Parts, that he is silenced by Authority; another informs me, that he hears he was sent for by a Messenger, who had Orders to bring him away with his Papers, and that upon Examination he was found to contain several dangerous things in his Head. I must not omit another Report which has been raised by such as are Enemies to me and my Lion, namely, that he is starved for want of Food, and that he has not had a good Meal's Meat for this Fortnight. I do hereby declare these Reports to be altogether groundless; and since I am contradicting Common Fame, I must likewise acquaint the World, that the Story of a two hundred Pound Bank Bill being conveyed to me through the Mouth of my Lion has no Foundation of Truth in it. The Matter of Fact is this, my Lion has not roared for these twelve Days past, by Reason that his Prompters have put very ill Words in his Mouth, and such as he could not utter with common Honour and Decency. Notwithstanding the Admonitions I have given my Correspondents, many of them have crammed great Quantities of Scandal down his Throat, others have choaked him with Lewdness and Ribaldry. Some of them have gorged him with so much Nonsense that they have made a very Ass of him. On *Monday* last, upon examining, I found him an arrant *French* Tory, and the Day after a virulent Whig. Some have been so mischievous as to make him fall upon his Keeper, and give me very reproachful Language; but as I have promised to restrain him from hurting any Man's Reputation, so my Reader may be assured that I my self shall be the last Man whom I will suffer him to abuse. However, that I may give general Satisfaction, I have a Design of converting a Room in my House to the *Lion's Library*, in which I intend to deposite the several Packets of Letters and Intelligence which I do not communicate to the Publick. These Manuscripts will in time be very Valuable, and may afford good Light to future Historians, who shall give an Account of the present Age. In the mean while, as the Lion is an Animal which has a particular Regard for Chastity, it has been observed that mine has taken Delight in roaring very vehemently against the unstucker'd Neck, and, so far as I can find by him, is still determined to roar louder and louder, till this Irregularity be thoroughly reformed.

Good Mr. IRONSIDE,

'I Must acquaint you, for your Comfort, that your Lion is grown a kind of Bull-beggar among the Women where I live. When my Wife comes home late from Cards, or commits any other Enormity, I whisper in her Ear softly between Jest and Earnest, that *I will tell the Lion of her*. Dear Sir, don't let 'em alone till you have made 'em put on their Tuckers again. What can be a greater Sign, that they themselves are sensible they have stripped too far, than their pretending to cover a little Bit of Linnen which will hardly cover a Groat their *Modesty-piece*? It is observed, that this Modesty-piece still sinks lower and lower, and who knows where it will fix at last?

'You must know, Sir, I am a *Turkey* Merchant, and lived several Years in a Country where the Women show nothing but their Eyes. Upon my return to *England* I was almost out of Countenance to see the pretty Country-women display open their Charms with so much Liberality, tho' at that time many of them were concealed under the modest Shade of the Tucker. I soon after mar-

'ried

(Price Two Pence.)